

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome ftraight,
And make the *Douglas* fonneyour onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I fhall fend you written bee affur'd,
Will eafily be granted you, my Lord.
Your fonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall fecretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our felues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our felues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; wee be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coolin, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
He ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we ſhall thrive, I truſt.

Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, jle be hangd,
Charles-waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not
packt. What *Oſtler*?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and
that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houſe
is turned vſlide downe ſince *Robin Oſtler* died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates
roſe, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all
London road for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is neare a King
chriſten, cold be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then
wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breeds
Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Oſtler*, come away, & be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Gin-
ger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-croſſe*.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite ſtar-
ued: what *Oſtler*? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in
thy head? canſt not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as

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drinke,